





AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY  
(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED)  
OF THE  
FIGHT BETWEEN THE  
POES *and* BIG FOOT

AS RELATED BY  
ADAM POE SEN., DURING HIS LIFE-TIME,  
AND WRITTEN BY HIS GRANDSON  
*A. W. POE, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.*

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ALSO, A HISTORY OF THE POE FAMILY, WITH A REF-  
ERENCE TO OTHER HISTORICAL PERSONS  
AND EVENTS.

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**Published by ADAM POE, Georgetown, Pa.**

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1878.



Written for the SOUTHERN RELIEF FAIR.

# AFTER THE WAR.

By Mrs. ANNIE SOUTHCOMB.

'Twas Spring in the South, and the soft zephyrs linger'd  
To catch the perfume floating out on the breeze,  
Where the roses and woodbine twined in their beauty  
'Round the cottage embower'd in magnolia trees!  
The birds caroled gaily their song in the wildwood,  
And Flora's bright gems deck'd the prospect so fair.  
'Twas an Eden of beauty—that home by the river—  
And the clear laugh of girlhood rang out on the air.

Love guarded the dwelling, for two sons and a daughter  
Were left to the widow, whose sight had grown dim;  
But she bow'd in submission, and softly she murmured :—  
“ When life's night is over *bright day* will begin !”  
In the chain of affection the links glisten'd brightly,  
And happiness dwelt in that home by the stream,  
Where—thoughtless of sorrow—they pass'd the bright hours,  
And life glided on like a sweet summer's dream !

But the simoon of war, in its wild desolation,  
Has swept o'er the South with its horror and gloom,  
And the homes that so lately blossom'd in beauty  
Now wear the dark cloud that envelopes the tomb !  
The carnage of battle has marr'd the bright prospect,  
The pale reaper Death has gather'd his sheaves !  
The roses are trampled, the magnolias blighted,  
For life's blood has crimsoned the sheen of their leaves !

The cottage is silent ; the heartstone deserted !  
But *one* now remains to weep o'er the past.  
'Tis the fairest, the youngest, the lovelight and darling,  
That now shrinks from the chill of poverty's blast !  
In thousands of homes there are sad, suffering women,  
Who weep o'er their children asking for bread !  
In silence and tears they are lone vigils keeping  
O'er graves where their loved ones repose with the dead !

Oh ! war-worn and weary, with no hope to cheer them  
Save the *one* that's reflected from pity's kind heart.  
From amid the abundance “ Our Father ” has given  
Bestow on the helpless and suffering a part !

BALTIMORE, *April 9th*, 1866.



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# The Poe Family—History.

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Among the many bold adventurers who, in the past century, came to the west to seek and build up homes amidst the perils of the wilderness, and whose daring feats of bravery, thrilling adventures, and “hair-breadth escapes” have been handed down by tradition, or recorded on the pages of history, few, perhaps, are more justly entitled to the admiration of posterity than the subjects of this notice—Andrew and Adam Poe.

As they were the principal heroes in one of the most sanguinary rencounters, considering the numbers engaged in it, recorded in the history of border warfare, a short account of their previous life may not be uninteresting.

George Poe, the father of these brave men, was born in Germany and emigrated to this country from the valley of the Rhine, in 1745. He purchased property on the banks of Antietam creek in the colony of Maryland, erected a grist-mill and opened a trade alike profitable to himself and beneficial to his neighbors. Baltimore, however, was his principal market.

It was customary in those times for masters of sailing vessels to sell, for a given time, emigrants who were too poor to pay their passage across the ocean. During the period of their bondage, the purchaser had the right in them and the authority over them claimed by the master over his slave. In fact it was slavery, but limited as to duration. On one of his visits to Baltimore, Mr. Poe purchased the time of two emigrants, an Irishman and his wife, who were being thus sold—a most unfortunate purchase, as the sequel proved. The man of whom he had thus become the owner, was cruel, revengeful and dissipated, getting intoxicated as often as he could procure the means to gratify his appetite. When under the influence of liquor, he was exceedingly quarrelsome. In one of his drunken sprees, he had cruelly abused and beaten his wife, for which Mr. Poe had him soundly chastised.

Months passed on and the circumstance was apparently forgotten. Mr. Poe had his teams, four in number, laded with flour for market. The Irishman had charge of the first and had managed to get about a mile in advance of the others. The road passed through a glen densely shaded with evergreens, imparting a gloom that made it oppressive, and rendered it just the place a bloody minded man would have chosen to execute a fell purpose. Here the Irishman had halted and was apparently engaged in repairing something about his wagon, as Mr. Poe rode up. What passed between them is not known. It is evident, however, that after Mr. Poe had passed the team, the Irishman seized a gun, which he had concealed in the bed of the wagon, and shot him through the body, killing him instantly. The murderer succeeded in making his escape and was never heard of again in those parts.

This tragic affair is not only sad to contemplate in itself, but it has been related because it had much to do in shaping the after life of the subjects of this history.

Mr. Poe, at his death, left four children, George, Andrew, Kate and Adam. George being the eldest, fell heir, according to the British law of entailment then in force in the colonies, to his father's estate. Being of a selfish disposition, the other members of the family were soon made to feel that but little sympathy or assistance was to be expected from him. The state of things became so unpleasant, especially to Andrew, that, after careful deliberation, he determined to try his fortune on the Western frontier; his purpose being to provide for his younger brother Adam, and his only sister Kate, the care of whom, he foresaw, must now rest upon him,—their mother having died some years previous to the death of their father.

He stopped at a small settlement in the forks of the Youghiogeny. Staying there for sometime, and liking the country and the people, he determined to make it his home, at least until there should be a more favorable opening elsewhere. He accordingly returned East and brought out his brother Adam—his junior by four years—and his sister Kate. She subsequently married a Mr. Miller with whom she lived happily for many years, and died at an advanced age, near Burgettstown, Washington Co., Pa. Adam was apprenticed to a man to learn the shoe making business.

During Adam's apprenticeship, an incident occurred which will throw some light on the spirit of the times. It was an age that required not only brains but muscle. Those who had acquired a reputation for strength were exceedingly jealous of their laurels. A noted bully, proud of his strength, and boasting of his many victories, hearing that

he was likely to find a rival in Andrew Poe, determined to visit him and challenge him to a test of muscle. Andrew not being at home, he called on Adam. On learning his business, Adam told him that his brother was absent and that he would be gone for sometime; but, said he, rather than you should be disappointed in the object of your visit, if my boss is willing, you may try your strength on me.

Knowing the character of the man, and fearing that harm might come to one whom he had learned to esteem for his many good qualities and devotion to duty, Adam's boss at first positively refused. But the challenge getting wind, and the entreaties of others being joined to that of the two principals, he at length consented. It was agreed that the one throwing the other twice out of three times should be declared victor. A level place was selected on the green sward out side of the village, and all the inhabitants rushed to the spot. A ring was formed and the parties stripped for the contest. After taking their holds, a few minutes were spent in sparing and feeling for each others strength, when without seeming to have expended half his force, Adam threw his antagonist heavily to the ground. He jumped to his feet, and chagrined at his defeat, renewed the conflict with a spirit and power that boded no good to the apprentice; but for once he had found his equal. The second round was more protracted than the first, but it ended in the discomfiture of the bully. The third time he was thrown with such violence to the ground that he was slow about gathering himself up, when Adam, amidst the loud huzzahs of the crowd, took him by the hand and assisted him to his feet. He acknowledged himself fairly beaten, and, it is needless to state, that he never sought to renew the quarrel with Andrew. Adam at this time was 19 years old.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, there is evidence that these brothers enlisted in the Federal army, but under whose command they served, or in what battles they were engaged, George Poe, the only surviving son of Andrew Poe, now in his 87th year, does not remember. Long after the treaty of peace had been signed with Great Britain, the savages along the frontier, continued hostile. To subdue and punish these demanded the earnest attention of the Government, and required the labor of years. It was not indeed, until 1794, when the confederate Indian tribes were defeated by Gen. Wayne, that their power was fully broken, and peace was restored. During those long years of danger and conflict, Andrew and Adam Poe were employed as Indian Scouts, and thus rendered invaluable service to the country, and to the Spartan band of pioneers that had so long defended the border.

These brothers, with a few other brave spirits, about 1780, deter-

mined to found a settlement near Burgettstown, on Harmon's creek, now in the bounds of West Virginia. The enterprise was full of difficulty and danger. The whole of the eastern portion of the Northwest territory, now the State of Ohio, was swarming with hostile Indians, separated from the border settlements only by the Ohio river. Bands of savages were making constant incursions across the border, surprising, killing or capturing all who came in their way; slaying hogs and cattle; stealing horses; first plundering cabins and then leaving them in smouldering ruins. Often, without resistance, these marauding bands pushed their way East as far as the Monongahela river. Not to be deterred by danger, however, the place on Harmon's creek was selected and the work of improving commenced. A block-house was erected for the protection of the women and children, and as a place of safety to which they could retreat, in case they were attacked by the Indians. The work of subduing the forest went steadily on, the pioneers carrying an ax in one hand and a trusty rifle in the other.

After the disastrous defeat of Col. Crawford in 1782, the Indians flushed with victory and emboldened by success, became exceedingly troublesome. There being no army to hold them in check, or cause a concentration of their forces, they kept the border settlements in a state of constant excitement and alarm.

#### FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS—STRUGGLE OF ANDREW POE WITH BIG FOOT.

In the summer of 1782, a party of seven Wyandots made an incursion into the settlement on Harmon's creek, the home of the Poes. The Indians concealed themselves among the trees of the forest, some distance from a cabin occupied by one Jackson and his son, a young man about seventeen years old. Adopting the old ruse of calling like a turkey, the young man, suspecting no danger, as the scouts had reported no signs of Indians in the neighborhood, seized his rifle and started out the back way, intending to make a circuitous route and come upon his supposed game in the rear. Coming to the place where he had heard the sound and seeing no signs of turkey he turned his steps toward the cabin, when, to his surprise and horror, he saw the savages passing in and out of the door, while two of them were holding his father prisoner in the yard, one of them standing over him with a tomahawk, while the other was engaged in binding him. The Indians had not discovered him. He fled to the fort and gave the alarm. Meanwhile the Indians packed up what plunder they could find and commenced their retreat, taking Jackson with them as prisoner.

When this circumstance took place, evening was approaching, and by the time young Jackson reached the fort it was dark. It was now too late for the settlers to collect their forces and pursue the foe. Besides dark clouds were looming up in the West, attended with the occasional sound of distant thunder, indicating a night of rain and storm. This they knew would be no disadvantage to them, as it would impede the flight of the savages, by compelling them to seek shelter. It was determined therefore to spend the night in preparation and to commence pursuit early the next morning.

The pursuing party was composed of the two Poes, a young man by the name of Cherry, Casselman, Whitaker, Rankin and one other whose name has dropped out of the record. Andrew Poe, having had the largest experience in Indian warfare, was elected to the command of the expedition. Mounted on horseback they rapidly followed the trail of the Indians until they came to a small stream,\* about 80 or 100 rods from where it joins the Ohio river. Seeing the gravel wet on the opposite side, and, inferring from this circumstance, that the Indians could not be far in advance, they halted and hitched their horses, and after kneeling in prayer, in which Andrew Poe led—Cherry objecting on the ground that there was no time for prayer—the party was divided into two squads,—Adam Poe and his men were to follow down the stream, while Andrew was to pursue a different course, the intention being to out flank the Indians. They commenced their march by stealthily crawling through the spice bushes.

Adam came upon a band of five Indians, engaged in withing timber together to make a raft for the purpose of crossing the river. On looking round for his men to give them orders, he was surprised to find only the man Cherry, the others having skulked behind. The Indians discovered them at the same moment. Cherry drew upon an Indian who was aiming at him. They both fired at the same instant, and both fell mortally wounded, pierced with each others balls. At the first fire, one of the Indians hurled his tomahawk at the prisoner, Jackson, intending to bury it in his head but it struck him on the shoulder and stuck fast. He ran to Adam Poe requesting him to pull it out. Cheerfully as he would have done so under other circumstances, time was too precious now to allow of a work even so humane. Adam kept loading and firing until he had killed three of the Indians. The re-

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\* Tomilson's run, a stream which takes its rise in Beaver Co. Pa., and flowing through the upper part of Hancock Co. West Va., empties into the Ohio river a short distance above New Cumberland. Near the mouth of this creek the fight between the whites and Indians took place.

maining one having discharged his gun, fled from the scene, pursuing a zig-zag course, to avoid the deadly ball from Adam's unerring rifle. He fired after the retreating savage and struck him on the hand in which he carried his gun, which, falling from his grasp, he continued his flight and succeeded in making his escape.

Just at this moment he heard Andrew call him. He ran down the beach about fifty rods and saw Andrew in the river. His gun was empty. He might have loaded as he ran, but knowing that Andrew must be in imminent peril from his call, and his extreme anxiety to assist him, threw him off his guard and led him to neglect this necessary precaution.\* As he came up Andrew called to him, saying "there he is." Turning he saw the celebrated Wyandot chief, Big Foot, not twenty feet distant from him. The gun he had picked up was empty. Both commenced loading for life. The Indian drew his rod with such force, that it slipped through his fingers and fell several feet from him on the ground. This gave Poe the advantage, seeing which the Indian dropped his gun, threw up both his hands in token of surrender and exclaimed "ugh," but he was too late. Poe shot him through the breast and he jumped toward the river.

After dividing his men, Andrew Poe took to the left, and carefully made his way until he reached the river bank, which, at this point, was about sixteen feet above the beach. With his gun cocked, he cautiously peeped over, and saw just beneath him, two Indians who also were engaged in constructing a raft. He took aim at one of them, but his gun missed fire. At the snap of his gun, both Indians jumped to their feet. Dropping his gun, he instantly leaped from the bank upon them, and seizing the large Indian by the cloths on his breast, and at the same time embracing the neck of the small one, threw them both down to the ground, himself being uppermost. After a severe tussel, the small Indian disengaged himself, and running to the raft, got his tomahawk, and attempted to dispatch Poe, the large Indian holding him fast in his arms, the better to enable his fellow to effect his purpose. Poe, however, so well watched the motions of the Indian, that when in the act of aiming a blow at his head, by a vigorous and well directed kick with one of his feet, he staggered the savage and knocked the tomahawk out of his hand. This failure on the part of the small In-

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\*His manner of loading his gun is thus described by himself. "I always carried a powder-horn on a strap over my shoulder and my balls in my mouth, and, using neither ramrod or patches to my balls, I could load very quickly. I turned in the powder, dropped in a ball from my mouth, and hit the barrel with my hand, which had the effect of shaking down the ball and priming the gun at the same time (he used the flintlock) and I was ready to shoot."

dian, was reproved by an exclamation of contempt from the large one.

In a moment, the Indian caught up his tomahawk again, approached more cautiously, brandishing his weapon and making a number of feigned blows in defiance and derision. Poe however, still on his guard, averted the real blow from his head, by throwing up his arm, and receiving it on his wrist, severing one of the bones. At the same time, he dealt the Indian a kick in the stomach, that, for a few moments, rendered him senseless.

Poe, by a violent effort, broke loose from the Indian, snatched up one of the Indian's guns, and shot the small Indian through the breast, as he had recovered and was running up the third time to tomahawk him.

The large Indian caught Poe at the same moment, and literally tossed him in the air. This was repeated several times, and at each lighting, Poe made such vigorous use of his fists and feet that the Indian, unused to such warfare, concluded to change the method of his assault. He now seized Poe with the intention of bearing him to the ground, but in the new struggle which followed, owing to the slippery state of the bank, both combatants fell into the water. In this situation, it was the aim of each to drown the other. Their efforts to effect this purpose were continued for sometime with alternate success, sometimes one being under water and sometimes the other. Poe at length seized the tuft of hair on the scalp of the Indian, with which he held his head under water until he supposed him drowned. Relaxing his hold too soon, Poe instantly found his gigantic antagonist on his feet again, and ready for another contest. They had struggled out into deep water, when Poe succeeded in getting the advantage of his foe the second time, and was in the act of drowning him, when two of the party, Whitaker and Cassalman, who had skulked behind, came up, and, mistaking Poe for the Indian, both fired at him, and then ran away. One ball splashed water in his face; the other struck him on the shoulder, and, passing between his lungs, came out on the opposite side. After receiving this wound, he was forced to release his hold on the Indian, who swam for the shore. Then it was that Andrew called for Adam Poe. Both parties had been fighting at the same time, as Andrew Poe heard the firing up the river as he jumped over the bank.

Andrew Poe was placed on a horse and his brother Adam mounted on behind to support him. When they arrived in sight of the fort, he requested Adam to dismount—which he did—as he wished to ride into the fort unassisted. In dressing his wound the surgeon placed him in the same position in which he had lain in the water when struck by

the ball, and after probing the wound, he drew a silk handkerchief through it to remove the clotted blood. Though severely, he was not fatally wounded, as he lived many years after.

The remains of Cherry, who lived about an hour after he was shot, were taken to the fort and with profound sorrow on the part of the rude mourners, were deposited in the grave. He was just in the prime of life; of fine physical build and of great personal beauty; genial in manners, and bold and daring in time of danger—qualities that rendered him a general favorite. The tears therefore shed at his grave were tributes of affection founded on his manly virtues. Long years after, the old settlers spoke of Cherry with subdued voice and tender feeling, and regretted to the close of life his untimely end.

Thus ended this Sparten conflict, with the loss of one man on our part and one severely wounded, and with the loss of all the Indian party, except one warrior. Never on any occasion, was there a greater display of bravery, and seldom did a conflict take place, which, in the issue, proved fatal to so great a proportion of those engaged in it.

The persons on the side of the whites actually taking part in the conflict, were only three—Cherry and the two Poes—the others, as we have seen, skulking behind—the wound, indeed, of Andrew Poe being due to the ball of one of these men, and not to the Indians.

The fatal issue of this little campaign, on the side of the Indians, occasioned universal mourning among the Wyandot nation. The big Indian, with his four brothers, all of whom were killed at the same place, were amongst the most distinguished chiefs and warriors of the nation. The big Indian was magnanimous, as well as brave. He, more than any other individual, contributed by his example and influence, to the good character of the Wyandots, for lenity toward their prisoners.

The character of this distinguished chief, savage as he was, commands the respect and veneration that a truly noble nature always inspires, nor can one reflect upon his fate without feelings of sorrow and regret.

#### CHARACTER OF THE POES, SUBSEQUENT HISTORY AND DEATH.

Andrew Poe was straight and tall, being six feet and two inches tall, with large bones covered with well developed sinews and muscles, and though he weighed over two hundred pounds, he carried no superfluous flesh. Broad shoulders, slightly rounded, and a deep, full chest were surmounted by a large and well-balanced head—his whole *physique* indicating great strength and extraordinary power of endurance. His large hazel eye, slightly aquiline nose, and thin compressed lips



indexed the firmness and strength of character for which he was distinguished.

Adam Poe was not so tall as his brother, but physically, was equally well-formed, but differed more widely from his brother in his social temperament.

Andrew Poe after selling his possessions on Harmon's creek, purchased a tract of land lying near Hookstown, Beaver Co., Pa., to which he removed in 1790. The cabin in which he lived, having been burned by the Indians during his absence from home, he built in 1795, a large two-story, hewed log house. The upper story was left without windows and was intended as a kind of fort, in case of attack by the Indians, and as a general store-house for provisions, grain, gears, saddles and other things likely to be destroyed or carried off by the Indians.

This house is still standing and is occupied by one of his descendants. It is in a good state of preservation, only two of the logs on the west end showing any signs of decay. The port holes pierced in either end, though bricked up, are plainly visible. Some of the heavy pins put in the walls upon which to hang gears, and also the two brackets, made of the forks of dogwood limbs, upon which he hung his trusty rifle, still remain as he left them. The oaken floor was made of boards sawed from the log by a whip-saw, and is fastened down with wrought iron nails. It is sound and solid, and looks as though it might last until another centennial. No one can look upon this old building that has stood while nearly four generations have come and gone, and not regard it with feelings of interest. It is one of the few remaining links connecting the present with the heroic generation of the past century.

Andrew Poe was a member of the Presbyterian church at Mill creek, Beaver Co., Pa, during all or the greater part of the pastorate of Rev Geo. Scott, which lasted for over forty years.

After a short illness, he died in peace, at his residence above described in 1831, and his remains lie buried in the graveyard connected with Mill creek Church.

Adam Poe, after removing from Harmon's creek, settled at the mouth of little Beaver, on the west side of the Ohio river.

While he resided here a circumstance occurred, never before published, illustrative of his strength and courage. Four Indians had gone over to Georgetown and got drunk, and, having returned, slept off the effects of their intoxication on the river bank. When they had sobered up, they demanded of Mr. Poe their guns. He told them he knew nothing about them. At this they got angry and commenced coming

into the yard with the intention of attacking him. But as fast as they entered, he caught them and threw them over the fence. He repeated this two or three times, then going into his cabin, he told his wife to take the children and flee into the cornfield, and that he would stay and defend the house. He seized his gun and pointed it at the approaching Indians, when, seeing their danger, they fled to the woods and gave him no farther trouble.

It was also while he lived at this place that the Wyandots determined on his assassination, in revenge for the death of Big Foot, and detailed one of their most fearless warriors to accomplish the deed. On the arrival of the Indian, Poe received him with friendship, and showered him with the kindest attention. Poe's cabin contained but one room, as they were built in those days, and but two beds, one for himself and wife, and a smaller one for the children. In the evening, the Indian intimated a desire to remain all night if Poe and his wife did not object, when they assured him that he was perfectly welcome, and made up a pallet on the floor before a huge log fire. Ronyeness, which was the Indian's name, lay awake until he was satisfied that the family were asleep. After struggling with various emotions for an hour, he arose and cautiously approached the bed in which Poe and his wife were sleeping. Catching a glimpse of the faces of his intended victims, from the rays of the moon shining through a window near the bed and falling upon them, as he raised his tomahawk to deal the fatal blow, he was so impressed with the perfidy of his act, and so overcome by the recollection of the kindness that had been shown him, that his heart relented and he returned to his resting place and slept till morning.

This Indian was a relative of Big Foot, and had traveled over a hundred miles to avenge his death by killing Poe, but spared his life through kindness. He had often attended the Christian Indian's meeting at their town on the Sandusky, and there probably, had received the germ of their religion. After wandering with the missionary, Teisberger, for several years, he came to Goshen in 1793, a convert, and there died.

From Little Beaver Adam Poe moved to a place six miles west of New Lisbon, and from thence to Wayne Co., Ohio. After residing here a few years, the infirmities of age led him to seek a home with his eldest son, Andrew, father of the late Adam Poe of the M. E. Church. In 1840 he attended a log cabin meeting at which Gen. Harrison was present; but drinking too much lemonade, it brought on a disease of the bowels, of which he died shortly after, at Massillon, Ohio, in the 96th year of his age. When dying he closed his own eyes with his fingers, and then quietly passed into the unseen life.

Thrilling Adventures of Captain Rankin, Lewis Wetzel, The  
Johnson Boys, Elizabeth Zane, Daniel Boon,  
And Louisa St. Clair.

CAPTAIN RANKIN.

Capt. Rankin of Raccoon creek, in Washington county, Pa., was bitten by a mad wolf in his own door. Hearing in the dead of night a noise among the beasts in the yard, he got up and opened the upper part of his door, which was a double one. The wolf instantly made a spring to get into the house. Rankin, with great presence of mind, caught the wolf in his arms as he was passing over the lower half of the door and held him fast on the upper edge, and against the door post, until a man belonging to the household jumped out of bed, got a knife and cut the wolf's throat; but the wolf, in the meantime, bit him severely on the wrist, inflicting a wound of which he died shortly after.

LEWIS WETZEL.

Lewis Wetzel was the son of John Wetzel, a German who lived on Big Wheeling creek, about fourteen miles from where the city of Wheeling now stands. When a boy, he adopted the practice of loading and firing his rifle as he ran—a practice which he turned to good account in his subsequent life.

After Crawford's defeat, Lewis went with a Thomas Mills, who had been in the campaign, to get his horse, which he had left near the place where St. Clairsville now stands. At the Indian springs, two miles from St. Clairsville, on the Wheeling road, they were met by about forty Indians, who were in pursuit of the stragglers from the campaign. The Indians and the white men discovered each other about the same moment.

Lewis fired first and killed an Indian, the fire from the Indian wounded Mills in the heel; he was soon overtaken and killed. Four of the Indians then singled out, dropped their guns and pursued Wetzel, Wetzel loaded as he ran. After running about half a mile, one of the Indians having got within eight or ten steps of him, Wetzel wheeled round and shot him down, ran, and loaded his gun as before. After going about three-quarters of a mile further, a second Indian came so close to him that when he turned to fire, the Indian caught the muzzle of the gun, and, as he expressed it, "He and the Indian had a severe wring." He succeeded, however, in bringing the muzzle to the Indian's breast and killed him on the spot. By this time he, as well as the Indians, was pretty well tired; the pursuit was continued by the two remaining Indians. Wetzel, as before, loaded his gun and stopped

several times during this latter chase, when he did so, the Indians treed themselves.

After going something more than a mile, Wetzel took advantage of a little open piece of ground over which the Indians were passing, a short distance behind him, to make a sudden stop for the purpose of shooting the foremost, who got behind a little sapling which was too small to cover his body. Wetzel shot and broke his thigh. The wound, in the issue, proved fatal. The last of the Indians then gave a little yell and said, "No catch dat man, gun always loaded," and gave up the chase, glad no doubt to get off with his life.

### THE JOHNSON BOYS.

In the fall of 1793, two boys by the name of John and Henry Johnson, the first thirteen and the latter eleven years old, whose parents lived at Carpenter's station, a little distance above the mouth of Short creek, on the west side of the Ohio river, were, near evening, captured by two Indians. They did not travel far until they halted for the night. The boys were pinioned and made to lay down together, the Indians placing their hoppis straps over them, and laying down, one on each side, on the ends of the straps.

Pretty late in the night, the Indians fell asleep, and one of them becoming cold, caught John in his arms and turned him over to the outside. In this situation, the boy, who had kept awake, found means to get his hands loose; he then whispered to his brother, made him get up, and untied his arms. This done, Henry thought of nothing but running off, as fast as possible; but when about to start, John caught hold of him, saying, "We must kill these Indians before we go." After some hesitation, Henry agreed to make the attempt. John then took one of the rifles of the Indians, and placed it on a log with the muzzle close to the head of one of them. He then cocked the gun, and placed his little brother at the breach with his finger on the trigger, with instructions to pull it as soon as he should strike the other Indian. He then took one of the Indian's tomahawks and standing astride of the other Indian, struck him with it. The blow, however, fell on the back of the neck and to one side, so as not to be fatal. The Indian then attempted to spring up, but the little fellow repeated his blows with such force and rapidity on the skull, that, as he expressed it "The Indian laid still and began to quiver."

At the moment of the first stroke given by the elder brother with the tomahawk, the younger one pulled the trigger, and shot away a considerable portion of the Indian's lower jaw. They reached home in the morning in time to allay the agitation which was aroused on

their account. The wounded Indian had concealed himself, but his skeleton and gun were found sometime afterwards.

A friend of the Indians who had been killed inquired what had become of the boys? It was answered that they lived at the same place with their parents. The Indian replied, "You have not done right, you should make kings of those boys."

### ELIZABETH ZANE.

Fort Henry, at Wheeling, under the command of Col. Ebenezer Zane, was attacked by the British and Indians, in 1782. By reason of the long siege, the powder of the little band of patriots had become exhausted. Col. Zane's house contained an abundant supply, it having been used for a magazine; but the question how to obtain it, was one not easily answered, as any one exposing himself out side of the fort, would be a target for more than two hundred bullets. It was proposed that one of the fleetest men, should endeavor to reach the house, obtain the powder, and return to the fort. Elizabeth, sister of Col. Zane, at once volunteered to bring the powder. She was young, active and athletic, with courage to dare anything. On being told that one of the men would run less risk by reason of his fleetness, she replied, "Should he fall the loss will be more severely felt in defending the fort." She was then told to go, and, divesting herself of some heavy clothing, struck out through the gate like a deer. The sight so amazed the savages that they cried, "A squaw, a squaw," and not a shot was fired at her. Arriving at the house of Col. Zane, she fastened a tablecloth about her waist, and into it poured a keg of powder, when she again ventured out. The Indians now discovered the object of the "squaw," and a leaden hail of bullets whizzed around her, several lodging in her cloths. She reached the fort in safety, however, and the powder she brought enabled the brave little band to "hold the fort" against the besiegers, who were at last compelled to return without a scalp or a pound of powder.

### DANIEL BOON.

In 1780, Daniel Boon, accompanied by his brother, went to the Lower Blue Lick for the purpose of providing himself with salt. Upon their return, they were encountered by a party of Indians, and his brother was killed and scalped before his eyes. Unable either to prevent or revenge his death, Boon was compelled to fly, and, by his superior knowledge of the country, contrived to elude his pursuers. They followed his trail, however, by the scent of a dog that pressed him closely and prevented him concealing himself. He halted until the

dog, baying loudly upon his trail, came within gun-shot, when he deliberately turned and shot him dead. The thickness of the wood and the approach of darkness then enabled him to effect his escape.

### LOUISA ST. CLAIR.

Two hundred Indians, under the command of Brandt, son of the Six Nation's chief of that name, camped at Duncan's falls, nine miles below Zanesville, and informed Geo. St. Clair at Mariatta, by runner, that they desired the treaty of preliminaries to be fixed there. This was in 1788.

The Governor suspecting a plot, Hamilton Kerr was dispatched to Duncan's falls to reconnoiter and deliver St. Clair's letter to the chief.

A short distance above Waterford, Kerr saw tracks, and keeping the river in sight, crept on a bluff, and raised to his feet, when hearing the laugh of a woman, he came down to the trail, and saw Louisa St. Clair on a pony, dressed Indian style, with a short rifle slung to her body. Stupified with amazement, the ranger lost his speech, well knowing Louisa, who was the bravest and boldest girl of all at the fort. She had left without the knowledge of any one, and calling "Ham"—as he was known by that name—to his senses, told him she was going to Duncan's falls to see Brandt. In vain he remonstrated and pointed out the peril of such an undertaking; but she was firm and only laughed at his fears. Taking her pony by the head, he led it up the trail, and at night they suppered on dried deer meat from Ham's pouch; the pony was tied, and Louisa set against a tree and slept, rifle in hand, while Ham watched her. When they came in sight of the Indians, she took her father's letters, telling the ranger to hide and await her return, and dashed off on her pony, and was soon a prisoner. Being conducted into the presence of Brandt, she handed him the letters, remarking as she did so, that they had met before, he as a student on a visit from college, to Philadelphia, and she as the daughter of General St. Clair, at school. Louisa perceiving as he read the letter that he became excited, said that she had risked her life to see him, and asked for a guard back to Mariatta. Brandt told her that he guarded the brave, and would accompany her home. Brandt returned to his warriors without a treaty, but crazed in love with Louisa St. Clair.







Preservation (cont.)

Page 10

10/1/10

